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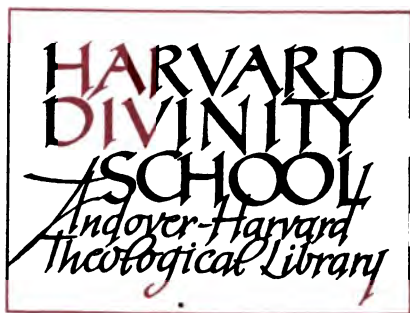
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An earlier "second edition,"
London, James Nisbet, 1841

P O E M S
CHIEFLY RELIGIOUS

BY THE
REV. H. F. LYTE, M.A.



Second Edition

LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1845

PR

4897

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1845

the place to enlarge on her talents and virtues : I did not dare to eulogize them while she lived ; and could she now address me from her present bright abode, I know that her admonition would be, " Give glory to God, not to me." For myself, and my little volume, I feel that we have lost in dear Lady Farnham a kind and efficient Patroness. The favourable opinion of one, whose taste was as refined as her piety was exalted, would have afforded some sanction to these trifles ; and the dedication of them to her would have shown that I was not insensible of the many kindnesses I have received at her hands. But these hopes are over now. She is gone where better strains claim her regard, and I have no longer an opportunity of testifying to her thus my affection and respect. Permit me then, my dear Lord, to transfer the

tribute to you: and should you, amidst your numerous important and patriotic engagements, find time to cast a glance on the ensuing pages, what pleasure would it afford me to think that any sentiment expressed there might contribute to give you comfort, under a bereavement such as few are called to experience.

I have the honour to be.

My dear Lord,

Your affectionate and sympathizing servant,

H. F. LYTE.

Brixham, Nov. 1833.

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POEMS,

CHIEFLY RELIGIOUS.

“HOW SHALL WE SING THE LORD’S SONG
IN A STRANGE LAND?”

THE song of God, so nobly sung
By angels in a higher sphere,
Shall my unworthy heart and tongue
Attempt its numbers here?

With spirit cleaving to the dust,
How should I hope to glow and soar?
How speak of heavenly joy and trust,
Till I have felt them more?

B

An heir of guilt, a child of sin,
An exile in a world like this,
What should I find without, within,
To match with Him and His ?

In vain I spread my flickering wings ;
In vain I strive aloft to flee :
Great Lord of lords, and King of kings,
I cannot sing of Thee !

I want a seraph's lofty voice,
I want a seraph's soaring wing,
Before I make such themes my choice,
And God's dread glories sing.

Thou needest not a note of mine
To swell the triumphs of thy throne,
Where myriads round thee bend and shine,
And Heaven is all thy own !

No, let me rather sit and sigh,
And drop contrition's silent tear :
Praise is the task of saints on high ;
But prayer of sinners here.

The song of God, that glorious song,
From me in such a world as this ?
O, no ! a worthier heart and tongue
Must speak of Him and His.

ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW WITH GOD.

"And He said, Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by ; and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks, before the Lord ; but the Lord was not in the wind : and after the wind an earthquake ; but the Lord was not in the earthquake : and after the earthquake a fire ; but the Lord was not in the fire : and after the fire a still small voice." 1 *Kings* xix. 11, 12.

ON HOREB'S rock the prophet stood :

The Lord before him passed :

A hurricane in angry mood

Swept by him strong and fast.

The forests fell before its force ;

The rocks were shivered in its course :

God rode not in the blast !

'Twas but the whirlwind of His breath,

Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

It ceased : the air was mute. A cloud
Came muffling up the sun :
When through the mountains deep and loud
An earthquake thundered on.
The frightened eagle sprang in air ;
The wolf ran howling from his lair.
God was not in the stun !
'Twas but the rolling of His car,
The trampling of His steeds from far.

It ceased again ; and Nature stood
And smoothed her ruffled frame :
When swift from heaven a fiery flood
To earth devouring came.
Down to his depths the ocean fled ;
The sickening sun looked wan and dead.
Yet God filled not the flame !
'Twas but the fierceness of His eye,
That lightened through the troubled sky.

At last a voice all still and small
 Rose sweetly on the ear ;
Yet rose so calm and clear, that all
 In heaven and earth might hear.
It spoke of hope ; it spoke of love ;
It spoke as spirits speak above ;
 And God Himself was here !
For, O, it was a father's voice,
That bade His trembling world rejoice.

Speak, gracious Lord, speak ever thus ;
 And let thy terrors prove
The harbingers of peace to us,
 The heralds of thy love !
Shine through the earthquake, fire, and storm,
Shine in thy milder, better form,
 And all our fears remove !
One word of thine is all we claim ;
'Tis " mercy " through a Saviour's name.

THE MOTHER AND HER DYING BOY.

BOY.

My mother, my mother, O let me depart !
Your tears and your pleadings are swords to
my heart.
I hear gentle voices, that chide my delay;
I see lovely visions, that woo me away.
My prison is broken, my trials are o'er !
O mother, my mother, detain me no more !

MOTHER.

And will you then leave us, my brightest, my
best ?
And will you run nestling no more to my breast ?

The summer is coming to sky and to bower ;
 The tree that you planted will soon be in flower :
 You loved the soft season of song and of bloom ;
 O, shall it return, and find you in the tomb ?

BOY.

Yes, mother, I loved in the sunshine to play,
 And talk with the birds and the blossoms all day,
 But sweeter the songs of the spirits on high,
 And brighter the glories round God in the sky :
 I see them ! I hear them ! they pull at my heart !
 My mother, my mother, O let me depart !

MOTHER.

O do not desert us ! Our hearts will be drear,
 Our home will be lonely, when you are not here.
 Your brother will sigh 'mid his playthings, and say
 I wonder dear Willie so long can delay.
 That foot like the wild wind, that glance like a star—
 O what will this world be, when they are afar ?

BOY.

This world, dearest mother! O live not for this ;
 No, press on with me to the fulness of bliss !
 And, trust me, whatever bright fields I may roam,
 My heart will not wander from you and from
 home.

Believe me still near you on pinions of love ;
 Expect me to hail you when soaring above.

MOTHER.

Well,—go, my beloved ! The conflict is o'er :—
 My pleas are all selfish ; I urge them no more.
 Why chain your bright spirit down here to the
 clod,
 So thirsting for freedom, so ripe for its God ?
 Farewell, then ! farewell, till we meet at the
 Throne,
 Where love fears no partings, and tears are un-
 known !

BOY.

O glory ! O glory ! what music ! what light !
What wonders break in on my heart, on my
sight !

I come, blessed spirits ! I hear you from high.
O frail, faithless nature, can this be to die ?
So near ! what, so near to my Saviour and King ?
O help me, ye angels, His glories to sing !

THE ALPS.

THE Alps—the Alps—the joyous Alps,
Are all around me heaving high.
I bow me to their snowy scalps,
That rush into the sky.

Hail, lordly land of storm and strife,
To poetry and wonder dear !
'Tis worth an age of common life
To feel as I do here :

To look down on that deep-blue lake ;
To look up in that glorious sky ;
To feel my soul within me wake,
And ask for wings to fly :

To bound the airy heights along ;
 Above the floating clouds to stand ;
And meet Creation's God among
 The wonders of His hand.

Hail, scenes of holy grandeur ! hail !
 Where mortal sense stands hushed and awed.
O, who could gaze on such, and fail
 To think of Thee, my God ?

Alone and dread Thou dwellest here,
 The Source and Soul of all I see.
I look around in joy and fear,
 And feel I am with Thee !

I see Thee on the mountains sit,
 At summer's noon, sublime and still ;
Or in the giant shadows flit
 Along from hill to hill.

I read Thy presence and Thy power
In each eternal rock I meet ;
I trace Thy love in every flower
That blossoms at my feet.

Thou speakest from each rolling cloud
That pours its stormy mirth on high,
When cliff to cliff is shouting loud,
Responsive to the sky.

Thy voice at night is in the sound
Of sinking glaciers, rushing rills,
And avalanches thundering round
Among the startled hills.

The mountain mists, in all their moods,
The snows by earthly feet untrod,
The fells, the forests, and the floods,
Are all instinct with God.

O regions, wonderful and wild,
Sublimity's inspiring home,
Scenes I have dreamt of since a child,
And longed as now to roam !

And I am here ! and I may range
Your length and breadth without control,
And feel a world all new and strange
Break in upon my soul !

Hail, mountain monarchs ! hail ! Again
Before your reverend feet I bow :
How poor is language to explain
The thoughts that fill me now !

MARY'S GRAVE.

MARY, thou art gone to rest ;

Why should we deplore thee ?

Light the turf lies on thy breast,

Soft the winds breathe o'er thee.

Here within thy native clay

Calmly thou art sleeping,

Safer, happier, far than they

Who are o'er thee weeping.

Pleasant is thy lowly bed,

Close to those that bore thee ;

Trees, 'neath which thy childhood played,

Gently waving o'er thee.

Hark the thrush ! how sweet his lay !

See the flowers, how blooming !

“ Weep not for the dead,” they say,

“ Though in earth consuming.

“ Weep not for her—she is gone

“ Where no cares can move her ;

“ All her earthly labours done,

“ All her trials over.

“ Weep not—she has found a home

“ Where no sorrow paineth :

“ Sin, nor tears, nor terrors come,

“ Where a Saviour reigneth.”

“THE UNKNOWN GOD.”

God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is
Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with
hands. Acts xvii. 24.

THE Lord hath builded for Himself ;

He needs no earthly dome :

The universe His dwelling is,

Eternity His home.

Yon glorious sky His temple stands,

So lofty, bright, and blue,

All lamped with stars, and curtained round

With clouds of every hue.

Earth is His altar : nature there

Her daily tribute pays :

The elements upon Him wait,

The seasons roll His praise.

Where shall I see Him ? How describe
The Dread, Eternal One ?
His foot-prints are in every place,
Himself is found in none.

He called the world, and it arose ;
The heavens, and they appeared :
His hand poured forth the mighty deep ;
His arm the mountains reared.

He sets His foot upon the hills,
And earth beneath Him quakes ;
He walks upon the hurricane,
And in the thunder speaks.

I search the rounds of space and time,
Nor find his semblance there :
Grandeur has nothing so sublime.
Nor beauty half so fair.



Yet all I am, or meet, proclaim
 His wisdom, love, and power :
 They shine from all yon rolling worlds :
 They bloom in every flower.

He is ; He was ; He aye shall be.
 But how, my soul ? and what ?
 Where is He, say, ye works of His ?
 Vain thought ! where is He not ?

Thou Omnipresent, dread Unknown,
 Engage me evermore :
 Enlarge my views, exalt my soul,
 And help me to adore !

STABILITY.

THERE is a change in all below ;
Nought sure beneath the sky :
Suns rise and set, tides ebb and flow,
And man but lives to die.

Our joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Still course each other on :
A blessing in our path appears
We grasp, and it is gone !

No drop of honey, but a sting
Within it lies concealed ;
No hour that passes, but its wing
Away some good has wheeled.

The joyous sun that lights to-day
 But clouds to-morrow's sky :
 The stars but shine to fall away ;
 The world but lives to die.

And let them pass—each earthly thing—
 While, Lord, 'tis mine to stand
 On Thy eternal word, and cling
 To Thy almighty hand.

Though sun and moon should sink in gloom,
 Thy promise ne'er declines :
 Dissolving worlds but leave Thee room
 To work Thy vast designs.

Linked to Thy truth I hold me up,
 Though earth from 'neath me slide ;
 And take content whatever cup
 Thy wisdom may provide.

Bitter or sweet, I little heed :

All, all is sweet to me,

While I my title clearly read

To joys at last with Thee.

ON A NAVAL OFFICER BURIED IN THE
ATLANTIC.

THERE is, in the wide, lone sea,
A spot unmarked, but holy ;
FOR there the gallant and the free
In his ocean bed lies lowly.

Down, down, within the deep,
That oft to triumph bore him,
HE sleeps a sound and pleasant sleep,
With the salt waves washing o'er him.

He sleeps serene, and safe
From tempest or from billow,
WHERE the storms, that high above him chafe,
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death
They did not dare to sever :
It was his home while he had breath ;
'Tis now his rest for ever.

Sleep on, thou mighty dead !
A glorious tomb they've found thee—
The broad blue sky above thee spread,
The boundless waters round thee.

No vulgar foot treads here ;
No hand profane shall move thee ;
But gallant fleets shall proudly steer,
And warriors shout, above thee.

And when the last trump shall sound,
And tombs are asunder riven,
Like the morning sun from the wave thou'lt bound,
To rise and shine in heaven.

THE VOICE OF GOD.—*For Music.*

PSALM XXIX.

GLORY and praise to Jehovah on high !
Glory from all, through the earth and the sky !
Angels, approach Him in homage and duty ;
Fall at the feet of your Heavenly King :
Saints, to His presence O throng, in the beauty
Of holy devotion His mercies to sing.
Glory and praise to Jehovah on high !
Glory from all through the earth and the sky !

The voice of Jehovah, majestic and loud,
In thunders comes forth from his palace of
cloud ;
That voice o'er the silence of ocean is breaking ;
It rolls o'er the waters, it bursts on the shore :

The forests are bending, the mountains are
quaking,

And earth and her creatures stand still and
adore.

Glory and praise to Jehovah on high !

Glory from all, through the earth and the sky !

The voice of Jehovah more sweetly is heard

By saints in His temple attending His word.

He speaks not to them in the whirlwind or
thunder ;

He comes not to threaten, denounce, or reprove :

He comes with glad tidings of joy and of wonder ;

He bids them be blest in Immanuel's love.

Glory and praise to Jehovah on high !

Glory from all, through the earth and the sky !

AGNES.

I saw her in childhood—
A bright gentle thing,
Like the dawn of the morn,
Or the dews of the spring :
The daisies and hare-bells
Her playmates all day ;
Herself as light-hearted
And artless as they.

I saw her again—
A fair girl of eighteen,
Fresh glittering with graces
Of mind and of mien.

Her speech was all music ;
Like moonlight she shone ;
The envy of many,
The glory of one.

Years, years fled over—
I stood at her foot :
The bud had grown blossom,
The blossom was fruit.
A dignified mother,
Her infant she bore ;
And looked, I thought, fairer
Than ever before.

I saw her once more—
'Twas the day that she died :
Heaven's light was around her,
And God at her side ;

No wants to distress her,

No fears to appal—

O then, I felt, then

She was fairest of all!

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

O ! SPRING-TIME now will soon be here—
The sweetest time of all the year ;
When fields are green, and skies are blue,
And the world grows beautiful anew.

The storms and clouds shall pass from high ;
And the sun walk lordly up the sky,
And look down love and joy again
On herb, and beast, and living men.

Then the laughing flowers on plant and tree
Shall bud and blossom pleasantly ;
And spirits through the buxom air
Drop health and gladness every where :

The birds shall build their nests, and wake
Their roundelays in bush and brake ;
And the young west-wind on joyous feet
Go wooing along from sweet to sweet.

Then lives lithe Hope, live Love and Mirth ;
Then God in beauty walks the earth :
The heart is in tune, and the life-blood plays,
And the soul breaks out in songs of praise.

O ! spring-time now will soon be here,
The sweetest time of all the year ;
When green leaves burst, and flow'rets spring,
And young hearts too are blossoming.

'Twas then I ventured first to twine
My Annie's trembling arm in mine ;
And trod—with her I cared not where—
Through vocal fields and scented air.

O days of sunshine, song, and flowers !
O young Love's early haunts and hours !
O tones and looks ! O smiles and tears !
How shine ye still through lapse of years !

There was one bank we loved to climb,
All matted o'er with fragrant thyme,
And screened from every vagrant breeze
But the sweet south, up which the bees

Came musical ; and there we stood,
And gazed down on the ocean flood,
That slept beneath us heaving mild,
Between his shores, like a cradled child ;

Or turned where on the orchard trees
Young Spring sat swinging in the breeze,
Unfolding buds, and tending flowers,
For Summer's future fruits and bowers.



All, all was bright !—at times like this
 No sight or sound comes in amiss ;
 But things around appear to win
 A colour from the mood within.

The earth laughed into flower : the sky
 Cleared off the cloud from its brow on high ;
 And God—the God of grace—unfurled
 His flag of peace o'er a fallen world.

These youthful days are past and gone ;
 The autumn of my years comes on ;
 I much am changed in mind and frame ;
 Yet Spring, sweet Spring, 'comes still the same.

I grow young with the young year then ;
 I live my past lot o'er again ;
 And in these hours of song and bloom
 See types of those beyond the tomb.

O ! spring-time now will soon be here,
The spring of Heaven's millennial year ;
When God again o'er nature's night,
Shall say, " Be light," and there is light.

O Thou that into glorious birth
Shalt wake at last this fallen earth,
While humbler things Thy influence share,
Be not the soul forgotten there !

Rise, Sun of Glory ! rise, and shine
Within this wintry breast of mine ;
And make my inward wastes and snows
Rejoice and blossom as the rose.

O, while I seem to catch the sound
Of vegetation swelling round,
Grant me within a growth to prove
Of faith, and hope, and joy, and love !

Spring-tide of grace, thy course begin ;
Chase the dark reign of sense and sin ;
From light to light advance and shine,
Till heaven's eternal spring is mine !

NOVEMBER.

THE autumn wind is moaning low the requiem
of the year ;

The days are growing short again, the fields
forlorn and sere ;

The sunny sky is waxing dim, and chill the
hazy air ;

And tossing trees before the breeze are turning
brown and bare.

All nature and her children now prepare for
rougher days :

The squirrel makes his winter bed, and hazel
hoard purveys ;

The sunny swallow spreads his wing to seek a
brighter sky ;

And boding owl, with nightly howl, says cloud
and storm are nigh.

No more 'tis sweet to walk abroad among the
evening dews :

The flowers are fled from every path, with all
their scents and hues :

The joyous bird no more is heard, save where his
slender song

The robin drops, as meek he hops the withered
leaves among.

Those withered leaves, that slender song, a
solemn truth convey,—

In wisdom's ear they speak aloud of frailty and
decay :

They say, that man's apportioned year shall
have its winter too ;

Shall rise and shine, and then decline, as all
around him do.

They tell him, all he has on earth, his brightest
dearest things,

His loves and friendships, joys and hopes, have
all their falls and springs :

A wave upon a moon-lit sea, a leaf before the
blast,

A summer flower, an April hour, that gleams
and hurries past.

And be it so : I know it well : myself, and all
that's mine,

Must roll on with the rolling year, and ripen to
decline.

I do not shun the solemn truth : to him it is
not drear

Whose hopes can rise above the skies, and see
a Saviour near.

It only makes him feel with joy, this earth is
not his home ;

It sends him on from present ills to brighter
hours to come :

It bids him take with thankful heart whate'er
his God may send,
Content to go through weal or woe to glory in
the end.

Then murmur on, ye wintry winds ; remind me
of my doom :

Ye lengthened nights, still image forth the
darkness of the tomb.

Eternal summer lights the heart where Jesus
deigns to shine.

I mourn no loss, I shun no cross, so thou,
O Lord, art mine !

“ LO, WE HAVE LEFT ALL, AND FOLLOWED
THEE.”

JESUS, I my cross have taken,

All to leave and follow Thee :

Destitute, despised, forsaken,

Thou from hence my all shalt be.

Perish, every fond ambition,

All I've sought, and hoped, and known ;

Yet how rich is my condition,—

God and heaven are still my own !

Let the world despise and leave me—

They have left my Saviour too—

Human hearts and looks deceive me ;

Thou art not, like man, untrue :

And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me :
Show Thy face, and all is bright !

Go then, earthly fame and treasure !
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain !
In Thy service, pain is pleasure ;
With Thy favour, loss is gain.
I have called Thee Abba, Fâther ;
I have stayed my heart on Thee :
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather ;
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me ;
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast.
Life with trials hard may press me ;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me !
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear !
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
What a Father's smile is thine ;
What thy Saviour died to win thee,—
Child of Heaven, shouldst thou repine ?

Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee ;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission ;
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

AGAIN, O Lord, I ope my eyes,
Thy glorious light to see,
And share the gifts so largely lent
To thankless man by Thee.

And why has God o'er me this night
The watch so kindly kept ?
And why have I so safely waked ?
And why so sweetly slept ?

And wherefore do I live and breathe ?
And wherefore have I still
The mind to know, the sense to choose,
The strength to do Thy will ?

Is it, to waste another day
In folly, sin, and shame ?
To give to these my heart and hand,
And spurn my Maker's claim ?

Is it, for honour, wealth, or power
My heavenly hopes to sell ?
Is it, to grasp at pleasure's flower
Upon the brink of hell ?

Is it, to grow unto the world,
As glides the world from me ;
Be one day nearer to the grave,
And farther, Lord, from Thee ?

No ! thus too many days I've spent !
To Thee, then, this be given :
Teach what I owe to man below,
And to Thyself in heaven.

O, bring me to my Saviour's cross
For mercy for the past ;
And make me live the coming day
As if it were my last !

EVENING.

SWEET evening hour ! sweet evening hour !

That calms the air, and shuts the flower ;

That brings the wild bird to her nest,

The infant to its mother's breast.

Sweet hour ! that bids the labourer cease ;

That gives the weary team release,

And leads them home, and crowns them there

With rest and shelter, food and care.

O season of soft sounds and hues,

Of twilight walks among the dews,

Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,

And thoughts too shadowy to repeat !

The weeping eye, that loathes the day,
Finds peace beneath thy soothing sway ;
And faith and prayer o'ermastering grief,
Burst forth, and bring the heart relief.

Yes, lovely hour ! thou art the time
When feelings flow, and wishes climb ;
When timid souls begin to dare,
And God receives and answers prayer.

Then trembling through the dewy skies
Look out the stars, like thoughtful eyes
Of angels, calm reclining there,
And gazing on this world of care.

Then, as the earth recedes from sight,
Heaven seems to ope her fields of light,
And call the fettered soul above,
From sin and grief, to peace and love.

Sweet hour ! for heavenly musing made—
 When Isaac walked, and Daniel prayed ;
 When Abram's offering God did own ;
 And Jesus loved to be alone.

Who has not felt that Evening's hour
 Draws forth devotion's tenderest power ;
 That guardian spirits round us stand,
 And God himself seems most at hand ?

The very birds cry shame on men,
 And chide their selfish silence, then :
 The flowers on high their incense send ;
 And earth and heaven unite and blend.

Let others hail the rising day :
 I praise it when it fades away ;
 When life assumes a higher tone,
 And God and heaven are all my own.

INVOCATION.

ALTERED FROM QUARLES.

SPIRITS of light and love, who pace around
The city's sapphire walls; whose stainless feet
Measure the gem-paved paths of sacred ground,
And trace the New Jerusalem's jasper street!
Ah you, whose overflowing hearts are crowned
With your best wishes; who enjoy the sweet
Of all your hopes; when next ye come before
My absent Lord, O say how I implore
From his reviving eye one look of kindness more.

Tell Him, O tell Him, how my widowed breast
Beneath the burden of His frown has pined:
Tell Him, O tell Him, how I lie oppressed
In all the tempest of a troubled mind.

O tell Him, tell Him, I can know no rest
 Till Heshall smile, as once, appeased and kind.
 Tell Him, I think upon the vows He sware—
 His love, His truth, His grace—and thus I dare
 To come before Him now with penitence and prayer.

Say, the parched soil desires not so the shower
 To quicken and refresh her embryo grain ;
 Say, the fallen crestlet of the drooping flower
 Wooes not the bounty of the genial rain,
 As my lorn spirit looks out for the hour
 When her lost Lord shall visit her again.
 Then, gentle spirits, should he hear your lays,
 And seem to melt, your best Hosannahs raise ;
 And with your heavenly notes sustain my feeble
 praise.

“RETURN UNTO ME, AND I WILL RETURN
UNTO THEE.”

WILT Thou return to me, O Lord,
If I return to Thee?
O Heavenly truth ! O gracious word !
My Hope and Refuge be !

Since from Thy foot I dared to roam,
My soul has found no rest,
Chastised and contrite, back I come,
To seek it in Thy breast.

And dost Thou say Thou wilt receive,
And call me still Thy own ?
My spirit, hear, accept, believe !
And melt, my heart of stone !

Again that gracious word to me !

O speak that word again !

My guilt is pardoned ?—can it be ?—

And loosed my every chain ?

No, blessed Lord ; not every chain,

Not every bond, remove :

Let one, at least, unloosed remain—

The bond of grateful love.

FLY, YE HOURS.—*For Music.*

FLY, ye hours, the best, the brightest :

Best are they that fleet the lightest !

Man, be wise :

Thy earthly joys

Are poor, compared with those thou slightest.

The world we roam

Is not our home :

We seek a rest that aye remaineth.

Through weal or woe,

From all below

We haste to scenes where nothing paineth.

Fly, ye hours, &c.

It is not life,
 This toil and strife :
 These only serve from God to sever.
 We hope to rise
 Above the skies ;
 And there shall live, and live for ever.
 Fly, ye hours, &c.

Can that be gain,
 Whose charms detain
 The soul from glory's richer treasures ?
 Can that be woe,
 That serves to throw
 A brighter hue o'er coming pleasures ?
 Fly, ye hours, the best, the brightest !
 Thou that in the world delightest,
 Rise, O rise
 To nobler joys ;
 And taste the bliss which now thou slightest.

“WHITHER SHALL I FLY FROM THY
PRESENCE ?”

WHERE shall I fly ? What dark untrodden path
Will lead a sinner from his Maker's wrath ?
Alas ! where'er I bend my outcast way,
His eye can search, His mighty hand hath sway.

Is there no island in the depths of space,
No distant world, where I may shun his chace ?
Ah no ! Of all He is the spring and soul :
All feel His care, all own His high controul.

But there is night :—perhaps her murky womb
May wrap and hide me in its depths of gloom ?
No: He that says, “ Be light, and there is light,”
Can look Omniscience thro' the dunnest night.

Give me then morning's wings : I'll fling me where
The desert waste ne'er claims His eye or care.
Vain hope ! If He were absent, conscience then
Would act the God, and scare me back to men.

Well then the ocean : She my head shall hide,
And quench his bolts in her o'ersheltering tide.
Fool ! the dark waves cleave wide at His command ;
And, lo, He walks them as He walks the land.

What say the rocks ? Stern marble, ope thy breast,
And lock me in to monumental rest.
Vain, vain ! His voice the rocks have often heard ;
Nay, worlds dissolve before His lightest word,

Be death then mine ! At least the grave, or hell,
Will yield some sullen nook where I may dwell.
No : the last trump shall burst the bars of death ;
And God's stern presence felt makes hell beneath.

Where then to flee? how shun His arm, His eye?
 Where find what earth, and heaven, and hell deny?
 How pass beyond His infinite patrol,
 Who fills, pervades, informs the mighty whole?

O where to flee? There is but one retreat—
 'Tis that which brings me contrite to His feet :
 A change of heart, and not a change of place,
 That flees from Justice to the arms of Grace.

The Saviour calls : “Come, trembler, to My breast ;
 “Beneath My cross thou may'st securely rest :
 “Washed in My blood, thy guilt will all remove ;
 “And wrath eternal grow Eternal Love.”

AUTUMNAL HYMN.

THE leaves around me falling
Are preaching of decay ;
The hollow winds are calling,
“ Come, pilgrim, come away !”
The day, in night declining,
Says, I must too decline :
The year its life resigning—
Its lot foreshadows mine.

The light my path surrounding,
The loves to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing—

All melt, like stars of even,
Before the morning's ray
Pass upward into heaven,
And chide at my delay.

The friends gone there before me
Are calling me from high,
And joyous angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky.
“ Why wait,” they say, “ and wither
“ 'Mid scenes of death and sin ?
“ O rise to glory hither,
“ And find true life begin !”

I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come—
A sinner, to salvation ;
An exile, to his home :

But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus, let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and Thee.

PARTED CHRISTIANS.

WHEN reft of the converse of those that they love,
The godless may fret and repine :
'Tis ours to look up to a Father above,
And try to His will to resign.
The friends in a Saviour need not be deplored,
Wherever their lot may be cast :
Tho' severed on earth, we are one in the Lord,
And shall meet in His presence at last.

Our Guardian all-wise and all-merciful is ;
He knows, and will give us, the best :
Assured we shall still be each other's and His,
To Him we relinquish the rest.

We each commend each to Omnipotent hands,
And calm on His promise repose ;
And know that, though scattered 'o'er seas and
o'er lands,
We are sure to reach home at the close.

Meanwhile, we kneel down at the same Throne
of Grace ;
We breathe up the same daily prayer ;
We march the same road to the same happy place,
The same Spirit guiding us there.
Sweet hope realizes the things that shall be,
And memory those that have been ;
And, reaching by these to what sense cannot see,
We lose the dark present between.

We strive to be all that the absent would love ;
To flee from what they would condemn ;
Intent, when we meet, upon earth or above,
To be found the more worthy of them.

With aims so exalted, and trust so secure,
All else is in lovely accord,
All holy, all happy, all peaceful and pure.—
O, who would not love in the Lord ?

ELLEN.

SHE rests beneath her native earth,
Close to the spot that gave her birth.
Her young feet trod the flowers that bloom—
Meet emblems—on her early tomb :
Her living voice was wont to cheer
The echoes which our sorrows hear.

She rests beneath her native earth ;
And few remain to speak her worth.
Her little sojourn here was spent
In unobtrusive banishment :
A flower upon the desert thrown,
That lived and breathed to God alone.

Yet long her gentle ways shall dwell
In hearts that knew and loved her well ;
And oft they lift their tearful eyes,
To hear her calling from the skies ;
And ill could they her absence bear,
But that they hope to join her there.

SPARE MY FLOWER.

O SPARE my flower, my gentle flower,

The slender creature of a day !

Let it bloom out its little hour,

And pass away.

Too soon its fleeting charms must lie

Decayed, unnoticed, overthrown.

O hasten not its destiny,—

Too like thy own.

The breeze will roam this way to-morrow,

And sigh to find his playmate gone :

The bee will come its sweets to borrow,

And meet with none.

O spare ! and let it still outspread
Its beauties to the passing eye,
And look up from its lowly bed
Upon the sky.

O spare my flower ! Thou know'st not what
Thy undiscerning hand would tear :
A thousand charms thou notest not
Lie treasured there.
Not Solomon, in all his state,
Was clad like nature's simplest child ;
Nor could the world combined create
One floweret wild.

Spare then this humble monument
Of an Almighty's power and skill ;
And let it at His shrine present
Its homage still.

He made it who makes nought in vain :

He watches it who watches thee ;

And he can best its date ordain

Who bade it be.

O spare my flower—for it is frail ;

A timid, weak, imploring thing—

And let it still upon the gale

Its moral fling.

That moral thy reward shall be :

Catch the suggestion, and apply :—

“ Go, live like me,” it cries ; “ like me

“ Soon, soon to die.”

ASPIRATIONS.

I WOULD not always sail
Upon a sunny sea :
The mountain wave, the sounding gale,
Have deeper joys for me.

Let others love to creep
Along the flowery dell :
Be mine upon the craggy steep,
Among the storms, to dwell.

The rock, the mist, the foam,
The wonderful, the wild—
I feel they form my proper home,
And claim me for their child.

The whirlwind's rushing wing,
The stern volcano's voice,
To me an awful rapture bring :
I tremble, and rejoice.

I love thy solemn roar,
Thou deep, eternal sea,
Sounding along from shore to shore
The boundless and the free.

I love the flood's hoarse song,
The thunder's lordly mirth,
The midnight wind, that walks along
The hushed and trembling earth ;

The mountain, lone and high,
The dark and silent wood,
The desert stretched from sky to sky
In awful solitude.

A presence and a power
In scenes like these I see :
The stillness of a midnight hour
Has eloquence for me.

Then, bursting earth's control,
My thoughts are all at flood :
I feel the stirrings in my soul
Of an immortal mood.

My energies expand ;
My spirit looks abroad ;
And, midst the terrible and grand,
Feels nearer to her God.

Let others tamely weigh
The danger and the pain :
I do not shrink the price to pay,
To share the joy and gain.

WINTER.

THE billowy shore is booming loud,
The sky is black with storm and cloud,
The fields are bare, the air is chill,
And winter reigns from vale to hill.

The shortening day, the muffled sky,
The wild wind whistling bleakly by,
The naked fields, the leafless tree,
Speak, mortal man, speak all to thee.

They talk of sin, they talk of woe,
Of ruin wrought to all below ;
They taunt the author of their doom,
And point him onward to the tomb.

The waves lift up their voice ; the woods
Make solemn answer to the floods :
They bid us stand abased and awed,
And own an Omnipresent God.

Calm on the tempest's hurrying wings
He walks His trembling earth, and flings,
Unmoved by elemental din,
His scourges o'er a world of sin.

Almighty ! be it mine to lie
Adoring as Thou passest by,
And hear Thee at the close proclaim
The gentler glories of Thy name !

The fire, the earthquake, and the wind—
In these my God I would not find—
But in the Voice still, small, and dim,
That speaks of Christ, and peace through Him.

"MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS."

IMITATED FROM QUARLES.

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest ;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home :
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come.
With Him I found a home, a rest divine ;
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

Yes, He is mine ! and nought of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego His love an hour.
Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine !
Go ! I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

The good I have is from His stores supplied :

The ill is only what He deems the best.

He for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside ;

And poor without him, though of all possessed.

Changes may come—I take, or I resign,

Content, while I am His, while He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen,

A glorious sun, that wanes not, nor declines :

Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,

And on His people's inward darkness shines.

All may depart—I fret not nor repine,

While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

He stays me falling ; lifts me up when down ;

Reclaims me wandering ; guards from every foe ;

Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,

Which in return before His feet I throw,

Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine

Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

While here, alas ! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore ;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine !

A SUMMER DAY IN WINTER.

THE winter wears a summer hue—

The sun is on the wave ;

The sky is one unclouded blue ;

The winds forget to rave ;

The feathery frost melts fast away

From every glittering stem ;

And cottage eaves in morning's ray

Are dropping gold and gem.

That ray the silver feet unlocks,

Of all the tiny floods ;

They leap again down o'er their rocks,

And prattle through the woods.

The cattle in the field rejoice,
The birds upon the wing,
And from the brake a doubtful voice
Half warbles, Welcome Spring !

The wave that flew o'er yester cliff,
Is sleeping 'neath it now ;
And from its creek the summer skiff
Steals out with timid prow.

The anchored ships, their voyage o'er,
Shake out their sails to dry :
The fisher spreads his nets on shore,
Beneath the glowing sky.

The old man from his chimney nook
Creeps out into the sun :
All Nature wears her own sweet look
Of spring-tide just begun.

O earth, all fallen as thou art,
How soon thy darkest day
Can into life and beauty start
Beneath thy monarch's ray !

Nor less the contrast that awakes
The wintry soul within,
When, Lord, thy gladdening Gospel breaks
On nature's night of sin ?

The Sun of Righteousness ascends ;
The clouds and storms depart ;
And heaven-born Grace implants and tends
Her Eden in the heart.

Yet earth's best joys are brief and base
To those which Heaven supplies ;
A summer smile on winter's face,
A gleam through clouded skies.



I would not spurn these wayside flowers,
That strew my pathway home ;
But look through all to heavenly hours,
And bid their fulness come.

"JESUS WEPT."

ENLARGED FROM BEDDOME.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep ?
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

The Son of God in tears
The angels wondering see :
Hast thou no wonder, O my soul ?
He shed those tears for thee !

He wept that we might weep,
Might weep our sin and shame ,
He wept to shew His love for us,
And bid us love the same.

Then tender be our hearts,
Our eyes in sorrow dim,
Till every tear from every eye
Is wiped away by Him !

PSALM cxxxix.

Omniscient God, Thine eye divine
My inmost soul can see ;
And every thought and act of mine
Is open, Lord, to Thee !

When up I rise, when down I lie,
Still Thou art at my side.
Where shall I shun Thy awful eye,
Or from Thy Spirit hide ?

If up to Heaven my flight I take,
I meet Thee face to face ;
If down to Hell, Thy terrors make
The darkness of the place.

I plunge into the shades of night ;
But Thou art there with me :
And darkness kindles into light
Before one glance from Thee.

From Thee, O Lord, I came at first,
The creature of Thy hand :
Thy providence my life has nursed,
And by Thy grace I stand.

Each member of my wondrous frame
Displays Thy skill and power ;
And countless benefits proclaim
Thy love from hour to hour.

Down in Thy arms at night I lie ;
Thou watchest while I sleep.
I wake at morn ; Thou still art nigh,
My soul to tend and keep.

Search me, O Lord ! my spirit prove,
From sin O set me free !
And make my heart return the love
It daily shares from Thee.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

WHY loves my flower, so high reclined
Upon these walls of barren gloom,
To waste her sweetness on the wind,
And far from every eye to bloom ?
Why joy to twine with golden braid
This ruined rampart's aged head,
Proud to expose her gentle form,
And swing her bright locks in the storm ?

That lonely spot is bleak and hoar,
Where prints my flower her fragrant kiss ;
Yet sorrow hangs not fonder o'er
The ruins of her faded bliss.

And wherefore will she thus inweave
 The owl's lone couch, and feel at eve
 The wild bat o'er her blossoms fling,
 And strike them down with heedless wing?

Thus, gazing on the loftiest tower
 Of ruined Fore at eventide,
 The Muse addressed a lonely flower
 That bloomed above in summer pride.
 The Muse's eye, the Muse's ear,
 Can more than others see and hear :
 The breeze of evening murmured by,
 And gave, she deemed, this faint reply :

“ On this lone tower, so wild and drear,
 “ ‘Mid storms and clouds I love to lie.
 “ Because I find a freedom here
 “ Which prouder haunts could ne'er supply.

‘ Safe on these walls I sit, and stem
“ The elements that conquered them ;
“ And high o’er reach of plundering foe
“ Smile on an anxious world below.

“ Though envied place I may not claim
“ On warrior’s crest, or lady’s hair ;
“ Though tongue may never speak my name,
“ Nor eye behold and own me fair ;
“ To Him, who tends me from the sky,
“ I spread my beauties here on high,
“ And bid the winds to waft above
“ My incense to His throne of love.

“ And though in hermit solitude,
“ Aloft and wild, my home I choose,
“ On the rock’s bosom pillowed rude,
“ And nurtured by the falling dews ;

" Yet duly with the opening year
 " I hang my golden mantle here.
 " A child of God's I am, and He
 " Sustains, and clothes, and shelters me.

" Nor deem my state without its bliss :
 " Mine is the first young smile of day ;
 " Mine the light zephyr's earliest kiss ;
 " And mine the skylark's matin lay.
 " These are my joys : with these on high
 " In peace I hope to live and die,
 " And drink the dew, and scent the breeze,
 " As blithe a flower as Flora sees."

Bloom on, sweet moralist ! Be thine
 The softest shower, the brightest sun !
 Long o'er a world of error shine,
 And teach them what to seek and shun !

Bloom on, and show the simple glee
That dwells with those who dwell like thee ;
From noise, and glare, and folly driven,
To thought, retirement, peace, and heaven.

Shew them, in thine, the Christian's lot,
 So dark and drear in worldly eyes ;
And yet he would exchange it not
 For all they most pursue and prize.
From meaner cares and trammels free,
He soars above the world, like thee ;
And, fed and nurtured from above,
Returns the debt in grateful love.

Frail, like thyself, fair flower, is he,
 And beat by every storm and shower ;
Yet on a Rock he stands, like thee,
 And braves the tempest's wildest power.

And there he blooms, and gathers still
A good from every seeming ill ;
And, pleased with what his lot has given,
He lives to God, and looks to heaven.

JEHOVAH-JIREH.

WHEN earthly joys glide swift away,
When hopes and comforts flee,
When foes beset, and friends betray,
I turn, my God, to Thee !

Thy nature, Lord, no change can know ;
Thy promise still is sure ;
And ills can ne'er so hopeless grow
But Thou canst find a cure.

Deliverance comes most bright and blest
At danger's darkest hour ;
And man's extremity is best
To prove Almighty power.

High as Thou art, Thou still art near
When suppliants succour crave ;
And as Thine ear is swift to hear,
Thy arm is strong to save.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

Psalms xxxii.

BLEST is the broken, bleeding heart,
 For sin constrained to ache !
 Soon Heavenly Hands shall bind it up,
 No more to bleed or break.

Blest are the eyes, whose burning tears
 O'er past transgressions fall !
 The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
 To dry, or light them all.

That broken heart, that tearful eye,
 That pensive pilgrim guise,
 Are Heaven's own gifts, and more than all
 That worldlings seek or prize.

Who has them, claims and titles has
Which none beside can own ;
Pledges of more than eye hath seen,
Or heart conceived or known.

Through clouds and sunshine, storm and calm,
He on to glory goes,
With hope to light him o'er his way,
And bliss to crown its close.

The wise may slight, the proud may shun ;
His God is with him still,
And adds a zest to all his joys,
And lightens every ill.

Through Him he daily triumphs gains
O'er Satan, self, and sin ;
Through Him new blessings smile without,
New joy and peace within.

A coal from heaven has touched his lips,
And filled his mouth with song ;
And Faith and Love spring forth to waft
His fainting steps along.

He goes, he goes, his fadeless crown
From Christ's own hand to win !
The angels throng round heaven's high gate,
To hail the stranger in !

The silver cord is loosed at last,
The fettered soul takes wing ;
Assumes its station fast by God,
His ceaseless praise to sing.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

"There remaineth a rest for the people of God." *Heb. iv.*

My rest is in heaven ; my rest is not here ;
Then why should I murmur when trials are near ?
Be hushed, my dark spirit ! the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss
And building my hopes in a region like this :
I look for a city which hands have not piled ;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow :
I would not lie down upon roses below :
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them, O Lord, in Thy sheltering breast.

Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy ;
One glimpse of Thy love turns them all into joy :
And the bitterest tears, if Thou smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

Let doubt then, and danger, my progress oppose ;
They only make heaven more sweet at the close.
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for it all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land :
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long ;
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with
song.

TO A BLADE OF GRASS.

Poor little twinkler in the sun,
That liftest here thy modest head
For every breeze to blow upon,
And every passing foot to tread :

The loneliest waste, the humblest bower,
Content in homely green to dress,
And wear away thy little hour
In meek unheeded usefulness ;

No hues of thine attract the eye,
No sweets allure the roving bee,
Nor deigns the dainty butterfly
To rest his wing on lowly thee.

All undistinguished and forgot
Among the myriads of thy kind,
The moral of thy tranquil lot
Thou wastest on the idle wind.

Be mine, while others pass thee by,
To win and wear thee in my strain ;
And from thy gentle teaching try
A lesson for my heart to gain.

While brighter children of the sun
With altering seasons droop and die,
I see thee green and gladsome run
Through all the changes of the sky.

Where vegetative life begins
Thy little flag is first unfurled,
And marks the empire Nature wins
From desolation round the world.

Yes ; Nature claims thee for her own ;
 Her thousand children house with thee :
 An insect world, to eye unknown,
 Peoples thy coverts blithe and free.

The partridge, 'midst her speckled brood,
 Leans upon thee her cowering breast ;
 Thou giv'st the field-mouse home and food ;
 Thou curtain'st round the sky-lark's nest.

Thou feed'st the honest steer by day,
 Thou strew'st at night his open bed ;
 The young lamb, in his morning play,
 Strikes down the dew-drop from thy head.

Oh, ever pleasing, ever plain,
 Creation's goodly household vest !
 By thee is fringed the ruined fane,
 By thee the poor man's grave is drest.

The pilgrim of the sandy waste,
 The roamer of the long, long sea,
 The sick room's or the dungeon's guest—
 'Tis his, 'tis his, to value thee.

Green soother of the burning eye,
 Thou speak'st of sweet and simple things—
 Of freedom, health, and purity,
 And all that buxom Nature brings.

Be mine to dwell with her, with thee ;
 At eventide the fields to roam ;
 My God among His works to see,
 And call my wandering spirit home :

And, while I view the Hand, that tends
 Ten thousand worlds, so kind to thee,
 To feel that He, who so descends,
 Will not o'erlook a worm like me.

A FALLEN SISTER.

"The maid is not dead, but sleepeth."

SHE is not dead—she only sleeps :
Life in her soul its vigil keeps :
Though dark the cloud, though strong the chain,
Speak, Lord, and she shall live again !

She is not dead :—it cannot be
That one, whose soul so glowed to Thee,
Should all that's past renounce, forget :
Oh, speak, and she will hear Thee yet.

I know, I know how once she felt
Have seen her spirit mount and melt ;
Have joined with her in praise and prayer ;
And cannot, dare not, yet despair.

She that has fed on heavenly food,
 Conversed with all that's great and good,
 Can she descend from heights like these
 To the poor worldling's husks and lees ?

She, that has bent at Heaven's high throne,
 And claimed its glories for her own,
 An earthworm here again to crawl ?—
 She cannot long so deeply fall.

I know how many for her feel,
 And plead with Thee to come and heal :
 I know the power of faith and prayer,
 And cannot, will not, yet despair.

Sunk as she is in thoughtless sin,
 Thou hast a still, small voice within—
 A silent hold—a hidden plea—
 That needs but quickening, Lord, from Thee.

A look of Thine can life impart ;
A tone of Thine can touch the heart :
The very grave Thy voice must hear :
Oh, bid it reach our sister's ear !

Press on her soul each pang and scorn,
Which Thou for her of old hast borne ;
And ask how she will dare to meet
Thy face upon a Judgment-seat.

Talk to her heart, and bid her feel ;
Send forth Thy word to wound and heal ;
Melt off her spirit's icy chain,
And bid her rise and live again.

She is not dead : Thy voice Divine
Can still revive, and seal her Thine ;
And 'neath Thy wing she yet may dwell,
More meek, more safe, than ere she fell.

THE SAILOR'S MEDITATION, ON WATCH
AT NIGHT.

ABOVE me hangs the silent sky ;
Around me rolls the sea ;
The crew is all at rest ; and I
Am, Lord, alone with Thee !

Go where I may, from all remote,
Thou Lord art ever near :
No secret thought, but Thou canst note ;
No word, but Thou canst hear.

When all around are sunk to sleep,
Thy presence here I find :
To me Thou walkest o'er the deep,
Or speakest in the wind.

I look up to the starry sky ;
And read thy glories there :
I look down to myself, and sigh,
“ Can I be still Thy care ? ”

I think of days and dangers past,
When I have found Thee nigh ;
And wonder how Thy love can last
To such a worm as I.

I think of terrors yet at hand,
Of Judgment, and the tomb ;
And ask my soul how it shall stand
To hear its final doom !

Ah, then, how all I've been and done
Would fill me with despair,
If to the Cross I could not run,
And find a Saviour there !

I know He has the power to aid ;
I know He has the will :
And He, who once for sinners bled,
Will rescue sinners still.

Lord, arm my soul with faith in Thee,
And fill my heart with love ;
My path from sin and danger free,
And guide me safe above.

And while at night the waves I beat,
Lord, often thus descend,
And grant me here communion sweet
With Thee, the sailor's Friend

SHE IS GONE! SHE IS GONE!

SHE is gone ! she is gone ! A God of love
Has called her up to His side above ;
Has gathered the flower in all its prime,
And bade it bloom in a brighter clime ;
Has filled her hand with a heavenly lyre,
And found her a place in His angel choir.

She is gone ! she is gone to a land of light,
Where the glorious day ne'er sinks in night ;
Where a cloud ne'er comes across the sky ;
Where the tears are wiped from every eye ;
Where all is holiness, love, and bliss,
And none regret such a world as this.

She is gone ! she is gone ! She passed away
Like the dying close of a summer day :
A dawn of glory around her shone,
A light shot down from the Heavenly Throne :
The last of her breath in song was spent,
And forth in a smile her spirit went.

She is gone ! she is gone to her high reward,
To bask in the looks of her wished-for Lord.
She gained one peep through the golden gate ;
She saw the Seraphim for her wait ;
And sprang from sorrow and sin away
To dwell in the light of eternal day.

She is gone ! she is gone ! And who would chain
Her soul to a world like ours again ?
But oh, the blank, the desolate void,
In hearts that her converse here enjoyed !
They long from all upon earth to sever,
And be with their loved and lost for ever.

She is gone ! she is gone but a while before
She waits for them at the heavenly door :
They hear her calling them up on high ;
They feel her drawing them on to the sky ;
And pray, at their parting hour to be
As ripe, as ready, as blessed as she.

FLOWERS.

CHILDREN of dew and sunshine, balmy flowers !

Ye seem like creatures of a heavenly mould
That linger in this fallen earth of ours,
Fair relics of her Paradise of old.

Amidst her tombs and ruins, gentle things,
Ye smile and glitter in celestial bloom ;
Like radiant feathers dropped from angel wings,
Or tiny rainbows of a world of gloom.

Yes ; there is heaven about you : in your breath
And hues it dwells. The stars of heaven ye
shine ;
Bright strangers in a land of sin and death,
That talk of God, and point to realms divine.

O mutely eloquent ! the heart may read
 In books like you, in tinted leaf or wing,
 Fragrance, and music, lessons that exceed
 The formal lore that graver pages bring. .

Ye speak of frail humanity : ye tell
 How man, like you, shall flourish and shall fall.
 But, ah ! ye speak of Heavenly Love as well,
 And say, the God of flowers is God of all.

While Faith in you her Maker's goodness views
 Beyond her utmost need, her boldest claim,
 She catches something of your smiles and hues,
 Forgets her fears, and glows and smiles the
 same.

Childhood and you are playmates ; matching well
 Your sunny cheeks, and mingling fragrant breath.
 Ye help young Love his faltering tale to tell ;
 Ye scatter sweetness o'er the bed of Death.

Sweet flowers, sweet flowers, be mine to dwell
with you !

Ye talk of song and sunshine, hope and love :
Ye breathe of all bright things, and lead us through
The best of earth to better still above.

Sweet flowers, sweet flowers ! the rich exuberance
Of Nature's heart in her propitious hours :
When glad emotions in her bosom dance,
She vents her happiness in laughing flowers.

I love you, when along the fields in spring
Your dewy eyes look countless from the turf ;
I love you, when from summer boughs you swing,
As light and silvery as the ocean surf.

I love your earliest beauties, and your last :
Come when you may, you still are welcome here ;
Flinging your sweets on Autumn's dying blast,
Or weaving chaplets for the infant year.

I love your gentle eyes and smiling faces,
 Bright with the sun, or wet with balmy showers;
 Your looks and language in all times and places,
 In lordly gardens, or in woodland bowers.

But most, sweet flowers, I love you, when ye talk
 As Jesus taught you when He o'er you trod;
 And, mingling smiles and morals, bid us walk
 Content o'er earth to glory and to God.

NEW-YEAR'S MORNING HYMN.

HAIL to another year,
 The year that now begins !
 All hail to Him who led us here
 Through dangers and through sins !

Hail to another year !
 Peace to the year that 's past !
 May this one at its close appear
 Less worthless than the last !

Hail to another year !
 Ere round its wheels are driven,
 Each to the grave will stand more near—
 Will each be nearer heaven ?

Hail to another year !

Ere half its race is sped,
Ourselves, with all we treasure here,
May rest among the dead.

Hail to another year !

Though yet unknown, untrod,
Whate'er may come, we need not fear,
If friends, through Christ, with God.

Hail to another year,

A year of peace and love !
Oh, may it prove a foretaste here
Of endless years above !

RECOLLECTIONS.

'Twas a sweet April morning : I traversed the
glade

Where my light foot in infancy often had played :
Each object recalled to my lingering view
The hours that there once so delightfully flew.

Dear scenes of enchantment, for ever gone by !
How brightly they danced before memory's eye !
I numbered their fugitive blisses all o'er :
They were flown, and I sighed I had prized them
no more.

Oh, why is it thus, that we never discover
The worth of our joys till possession is over ?
That we only can gaze on the sun of delight,
When its fast-fading glories are setting in night ?

All aimless and wild as the zephyr, we fleet
O'er a thousand fair flow'rets that smile at our
feet :

Though they lure us to pluck them, and woo us
to stay,

We trample, we slight them, and flutter away.

Then, when life brings its crosses, its cares, and
its fears,

When disaster beside and before us appears,

Then we pause, and look back, and our folly
discern ;

Then we prize, bless, and mourn what can never
return.

When all that hope hung on for comfort is flown,
When delights from the past must be gathered
alone,

How dimly they shine through the distance of
years !

How ill can they chase present shadows and tears!

Woe, woe to the heart, that is destined to ache
 In a world whose gay bustle it loathes to partake !
 Where nothing is left that is moving or dear,
 That can light up a smile, or elicit a tear !

When conscience is sickened on looking within,
 When without there is little to wish or to win,
 When Memory shrinks back from the things that
 have been,
 And Hope looking onward grows pale at the scene,

Oh, where to find comfort? Oh, whither to fly,
 Scarce wishing to live, and yet dreading to die ?
 Thus helpless, thus reckless, pierced, lost, un-
 forgiven ;
 Heart-broken on earth, and desponding of heaven !

Lord, Thou canst give light in this hour of despair ;
 Canst ease us of anguish, or teach us to bear :
 And good is the pressure of pain and distress,
 If they lead to a Saviour to heal and to bless.

'Tis good that our props should from 'neath us be
fled,

If we drop into Arms Everlasting instead ;
That thistles and thorns in our pathway should
rise,

If they send us but on for repose to the skies.

When all else is changing within and around,
In God and His goodness no change can be found.
In giving or taking His end is the same,
His creatures to quicken, exalt, and reclaim.

Such terrors to drive, and such love to allure,
Lord, add but Thy grace, and the issue is sure.
My trials may thicken, my comforts may flee ;
I 'm rich amid ruin with heaven and Thee.

THE WORLD RENOUNCED.

Go, worthless world ! I've tried and found
Thy hollowness at last :
I know thee now an empty sound,
And spurn at all thou hast.

Thy smiles, thy flatteries, thy deceit,
I've scanned them o'er and o'er.
Go, other hearts to snare and cheat ;
Thou holdest mine no more.

I've been thy dupe, I've been thy scoff,
For years I've worn thy chain :
My Saviour came and called me off,
And I am free again ;

Free with the freedom Christ bestows ;
Divinely, greatly free ;
Redeemed from follies, sins, and woes ;
Redeemed, false world, from thee !

Still must I linger 'mid thy slaves,
A stranger yet a while ;
Must toss on thy uncertain waves,
And meet thy specious smile :

The scoffs of pride, the snares of sense,
Must still my firmness try ;
Till Christ returns to call me hence
To peace with Him on high.

I know me weak, and prone to fall ;
Yet know, with Him my friend,
I still may pass unhurt through all
To glory in the end.

And while my sojourn here I make,
This, this my maxim be,
To love mankind for Jesus' sake,
And spurn, false world, at thee.

"IS THIS THY KINDNESS TO THY FRIEND?"

ALTERED FROM QUARLES.

OH, THINK, how He, whom thou hast wounded,
Hast scourged, and scorned, and spit upon,
Hath paid thy ransom, and compounded
For thy distresses with his own !
How He, whose blood thy sins have spilt,
Whose limbs they to the Cross have nailed,
Hath freely borne thy load of guilt,
And made supply where thou hast failed.

He died, to save thy soul from dying ;
Was bound Himself, to set thee free ;
And where there was no power of flying,
He came, and met the blow for thee ;

And all this dying friend requires,
For all His pity, all His pain,
Are simple aims, and pure desires,
And for His love like love again.

Oh, loose then, Lord, my tardy tears,
And break this fleshly rock asunder,
And on my night of doubts and fears
Pour a new day of joy and wonder.
This deadness from my soul remove;
Melt down my icy unbelief;
Let grief add feeling to my love,
And love pluck out the sting from grief.

Then rise, poor earthworm, from the dust;
Enjoy thy new and large condition;
Walk with thy God in humble trust,
And ripen for His full fruition.

No more rebellious, dark, exiled,
Adore, and love, and praise Him rather ;
Return a lost, but contrite, child,
And find a kind, forgiving Father.

THE INFANT'S ADDRESS TO DEPARTING DAY-
LIGHT.

BEAUTIFUL Day-light, stay, oh, stay,
Nor fly from the world and me away,
To darken the skies, so blue and bright,
And take the green fields from my lonely sight.
No birds then will talk to me from the tall tree,
Nor flowers appear looking and laughing on me.
Kind voices I hear, and kind faces I view ;
But I can't talk with them, little birds, as with you :
I know not their language, their ways, and
 their looks,
Nor care for their candles, pens, pencils, and
 books.
Then, beautiful Day-light, fly not yet !
Few suns have I ever seen rise or set ;

And when each day with its pleasures is o'er,
 I fear they will never come back any more.
 A stranger I am in this world below,
 And have much of its wonders to mark and know:
 I want to see more of each new fairy scene,
 To trace sounds and objects, and learn what
 they mean ;
 To gaze on the features of her in whose breast
 I am fed, and folded, and sung into rest,
 Who kisses me softly, and calls me her dear,
 And all the new friends that are kind to me here.
 Then stay, sweet Day-light, mine eyes to bless !
 I know Night little, and love it still less.
 The place that I came from had nothing of shade,
 In beauty and glory for ever arrayed :
 There angel forms were smiling and singing,
 And waving their wings in the Day-light springing
 From God's own face, like a fountain flowing
 With rays sun and moon must fail in bestowing.

I scarcely remember that land of bliss ;
But I love what is brightest and purest in this :
And if upon one of those clouds I could lie,
That have run to the verge of the western sky,
And there, in rosy companionship seated,
Look down on the sun from earth retreated ;
If aloft in its bright fleecy folds I could lay me,
And call on the winds through the skies to
convey me,

I'd ride round the world, the perennial attendant
On Day-light, wherever it shone most resplendent ;
Over hills, over fogs, I would take my glad flight,
And bathe and revel in rivers of light.
The moon and the stars I would leave behind ;
Nor stoop any object on earth to mind ;
Unless for her baby dear mother should cry :
Then I'd glide down to tell her how happy was I ;
I'd kiss off her tears, and wish her good day,
And again on my travels away, away !

Sweet bird, thy suit it is vain to press,
The Day-light heeds not thy fond address :
On glittering pinion away he hies,
To meet other wishes, and light other skies :
The will of his God he goes to obey,
Nor at earthly bidding will haste or stay.
A child of light, sweet bird, thou art now,
Nor needest a veil for thy conscious brow :
No deeds thy tiny hands have done
Need fear the broad eye of the flaring sun ;
And the pleasant and pure of this world of woe,
Is all thy delicate spirit can know.
But ah, my baby ! the day may appear
When the light shall be loathed as it now is dear ;
When thy red-rolling eye, that can weep no more,
The relief of night shall in vain implore !
The billows and storms of a heart-breaking world
O'er each young illusion too soon may be hurled ;

May wring thee, may wreck thee, till all is riven,
 But the friendship of God and the refuge of heaven.
 Yet baby, my baby, if these shall be thine,
 Thou'lt not want a spot where thy head may
 recline ;

Thou'lt not want a light in this world of dismay
 To guide thee from danger, or solace thy way :
 The bright Sun of Righteousness never declines,
 The light of the Gospel eternally shines ;
 Adds zest to our joys, plucks the sting from our
 woes,

Lends peace to our life, and joy to its close.
 This light, my boy, be it thine to prize !
 It ne'er will withdraw from thy favoured eyes :
 Come joy, or come sorrow, the same it will stay,
 And shine more and more to the perfect day ;
 Till grace is glory, and faith is sight,
 And God, as at first, 'mid His sons of light,
 Receives His homage of song and love,
 And thou art with Him for ever above.

"IT IS I : BE NOT AFRAID."

LOUD was the wind, and wild the tide ;

The ship her course delayed :

The Lord came to their help, and cried,

" 'Tis I : be not afraid."

Who walks the waves in wondrous guise,

By Nature's laws unstaid ?

" 'Tis I," a well known voice replies ;

" 'Tis I : be not afraid."

He mounts the deck : down lulls the sea ;

The tempest is allayed ;

The prostrate crew adore ; and He

Exclaims, " Be not afraid."

Thus, when the storm of life is high,

Come, Saviour, to my aid !

Come, when no other help is nigh,

And say, " Be not afraid."

Speak, and my griefs no more are heard ;

Speak, and my fears are laid ;

Speak, and my soul shall bless the word,

" 'Tis I : be not afraid."

When on the bed of death I lie,

And stretch my hands for aid,

Stand Thou before my glazing eye,

And say, " Be not afraid."

Before Thy judgment-seat above

When nature sinks dismayed,

Oh, cheer me with a word of love—

" 'Tis I : be not afraid."

Worlds may around to wreck be driven,
If then I hear it said,
By Him who rules through earth and heaven,
“ ’Tis I : be not afraid.”

INSCRIPTION ON A MONUMENT

TO

S— P— S—.

WHAT shall we write on this memorial stone ?
 Thy merits ? Thou didst rest on Christ's alone.
 Our sorrows ? Thou wouldst chide the selfish tear.
 Our love ? Alas, it needs no record here.
 Praise to thy God and ours ? His truth and love
 Are sung in nobler strains by thee above.
 What wouldst thou have us write ?—A voice is
 heard,—

“ Write, for each reader write, a warning word.
 “ Bid him look well before him, and within ;
 “ Talk to his heedless heart of death and sin ;
 “ And if at these he tremble, bid him flee
 “ To Christ, and find Him all in all, like me.”

THE PRAYER-ANSWERING GOD.

I STAND in a world where there's nothing my own,
Where the lightest event is beyond my control;
But to Him that is Ruler supreme and alone
I gladly resign, for I know Him, the whole.
How pleasant, 'mid changes and chances unthought,
On His wisdom and love to disburthen our care;
And to know, that the God who disposes our lot
Is a God that will hear and will answer our prayer!

There are those that I love, far away from me now,
And roaming through danger by shore and by sea;
And what were my feelings, my Father, if Thou
Wert less than Almighty for them and for me?

I cannot command the wild winds to be still ;
 I cannot compel the dark waves to forbear ;
 But One is above them who can, and who will :
 In Him I am strong, for he answereth prayer.

Ah me! I gaze round me,—and what are the smiles
 And the looks that give life all its zest and its soul?
 Mortality claims them, and sternly reviles
 Affection's vain struggle against her control.
 I own it, I feel it ; yet, humbled and awed,
 I still dare to love them, all frail as they are ;
 For I know we are both in the hands of our God
 The Father of Jesus, the Hearer of prayer.

Then here be my resting-place ! here will I sit
 Secure 'mid the shiftings of time and event ;
 For Fate has no power but what He may permit,
 And the Hand that must take is the same that
 hath lent.

On His wisdom and goodness I calmly rely;
Whate'er He assigns He can aid me to bear :
He knows what is good for me better than I,
And will give it, I hope, in despite of my prayer.

THE HEART IN TUNE.

BE the heart in tune within,
All without runs smooth and even,
And earth's objects seem to win
Something of the hues of heaven :
Clouds from off our sky are flown ;
All grows bright around and o'er us ;
Life acquires a loftier tone,
And hope dances light before us :

Music comes in every gale ;
Flowers in all our paths are blowing ;
Prosperous winds fill every sail ;
Tides are ever fair and flowing :

Time adds feathers to his wing ;
Grief of half his load is lightened ;
Life's distresses lose their sting,
And its every joy is heightened.

Then the waste, where'er we roam,
Gushes with refreshing fountains ;
Then between us and our home
Ope the seas, and sink the mountains :
Faith is strong, and views are clear ;
Foes or fears no more confound us ;
Ministering angels near,
And an Eden opening round us :

Nature through her wide domain
Quits her air of ruined sadness,
Kindles into smiles again,
Wakes anew to song and gladness :

God amid His works appears,
 Calls his creatures to adore Him ;
And this world of sin and tears
 Blossoms as the rose before Him.

If His gospel then be heard,
 Soon the inmost soul it reaches ;
God speaks home in every word,
 Christ again in person teaches ;
Every promise is applied,
 Power to every precept given,
And the Spirit and the Bride
 Point and woo us on to heaven.

Prayer and praise are easy then,
 From the soul spontaneous flowing ;
And with love to God and men
 Tenderly the heart is glowing.

All our duties lighter grow ;
Pleasant seems the meanest station ;
And from light to light we go
To the fulness of salvation.

Be our spirits ever such,
Tuned into harmonious meetness,
Till their chords to every touch
Answer in some tone of sweetness ;
Quickened by celestial grace,
Purified of earthly leaven,
Shining, like the Prophet's face,
With a glory caught from heaven.

DOMESTIC LOVE.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

How lovely is domestic harmony,
Where mind on mind and heart on heart repose
Undoubting ; and the friends, whom Providence
Has cast together, sharing each with each
Their hopes, their joys, their cares, appear to live
One common life, and breathe one common will !
This fallen world brings forth no other flower
So beautiful as this ; and where the love
Of God is added to this love of man,
Somewhat of heaven itself to earth descends.
For what is heaven, but one immortal home,
Where all are brother, Parent, child, or friend,

And all are happy, loving and beloved ?
 And what is hell, but the abode of hate
 And envy, where discordant elements
 Mingle, and hiss, and jar eternally ?
 Bright comes the morn and soft descends the
 night

On the fair dwelling-place of love and peace ;
 And from the buffetings of this rude world
 Its happy inmates, like the wandering dove
 Home to her ark, for refuge there can fly.
 Prayer meets no hindrance there ; and praise
 from thence,

Of hearts and lips in unison, ascends
 More acceptable to the God of love.
 The idol Self is from his throne cast down,
 And God set up instead ; and where He reigns
 There must be happiness, there must be heaven.

SAD THOUGHTS.

1815.

YES, I am calm, am humbled now ;
The storm is rocked to rest ;
And I have learnt my head to bow,
And count my lot the best.

I would not struggle with my God,
Or chide what He has given :
Why should I murmur at the rod
That drives me on to heaven ?

Yet withering thoughts at times will break
Across my calmer frame ;
And then I feel how hearts may ache,
Though still they bow the same.

Dark moods, too long and fondly nursed,
Will o'er me come unsought :
And thou, ah thou, beloved the first,
To be the last forgot !

I meet thy pensive, moonlight face ;
Thy thrilling voice I hear ;
And former hours and scenes retrace,
Too fleeting, and too dear !

Then sighs and tears flow fast and free,
Though none is nigh to share ;
And life has nought beside for me
So sweet as this despair.

There are crushed hearts that will not break ;
And mine, methinks, is one ;
Or thus I should not weep and wake,
And thou to slumber gone.

I little thought it thus could be
In days more sad and fair—
That earth could have a place for me,
And thou no longer there.

We met in childhood's morning road ;
Our love with life began ;
And on through years the current flowed,
And deepened as it ran.

Yes : on we loved, and loved the same,
Though little either said :
It burned, that sad and secret flame,
Like lamps among the dead.

I knew her heart was all my own ;
She knew the same of mine ;
Though caution guarded every tone,
And checked each outward sign.

To selves or others unexpressed,
The truth within us waked—
A conscious wound in either breast,
That inly bled and ached.

At last it came, the day to part!
And feelings, long repressed,
In bitter shrift from heart to heart
Were all at length expressed.

That trying hour all barriers broke ;
A frenzy o'er me fell :
Spirit to spirit briefly spoke,
And then—Farewell ! farewell !

From that dark day I walked alone
In this wide world of care,
My widowed heart regardless grown
Of aught that wooed it there.

Its joys and griefs I learned to view
Without a smile or sigh ;
And nought seemed left me now to do,
But lay me down and die.

Bereavement was not long her dower ;
She feels no more its sway :
She pined, she drooped, my severed flower !
And passed from earth away.

No plaint she breathed, no pain confessed,
But calmly fell asleep ;
She stole into her grave for rest,
And left me here to weep.

While thou wert here, there was a hope,
All dimly as it shone :
'Tis gone ! and I am left to cope
With this cold world alone.

Yet death cannot our hearts divide,
Or make thee less my own.
'Twere sweeter sleeping at thy side
Than watching here alone.

Yet never, never can we part,
While Memory holds her reign :
Thine, thine is still this withered heart,
Till we shall meet again.

That meet we shall, I do not fear :
The thought was joy to thee :
And I have now but little here
To part my God and me.

I feel, too, in my darkest mood,
How much my soul has won :
I know 'twas needful all, and good ;
And say, "Thy will be done !"

Still, thoughts like these at times will come,

My firmness to surprise.

When shall I be with thee at home,

Beyond the reach of sighs ?

PLEADING FOR MERCY.

WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
O think Thou of the sinner's Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer !
O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye :
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

Think, Lord, how I am still Thy own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand ;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

O think how blind and weak am I,
 How strong and wily are my foes:
 They wrestled with Thy hosts on high;
 How should a worm their might oppose?

O think upon thy holy word,
 And every plighted promise there—
 How prayer should evermore be heard,
 And how Thy glory is to spare.
 O think not of my doubts and fears,
 My strivings with Thy grace divine:
 Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
 And let His merits stand for mine.

Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
 Thine arm can never shortened be:
 Behold me here—my heart is full—
 Behold, and spare and succour me.

No claim, no merits, Lord, I plead ;
I come a humbled helpless slave :
But, ah ! the more my guilty need,
The more Thy glory, Lord, to save.

TO ELLEN,

WEeping IN CHURCH ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER
FATHER'S DEATH,
WHEN FIFTEEN YEARS OLD.

AH wherefore should the silent tear
 Down Ellen's youthful visage stray,
 When such a Hand unseen is near
 To wipe each falling drop away ;
 A hand that bears a balm from high,
 For every earthly tear and sigh ?

And wherefore mourn a parent's doom,
 When such a Parent from above
 Extends His arms and bids her come,
 And dwell with Him whose name is Love ;
 Who ne'er that orphan will disown,
 Whom Jesus' blood has made His own ?

That gentle Hand, ah would she see,
 And prove its power to soothe and heal !
 Ah would she to that Father flee,
 And know how well he loves her weal !
 Ah would she learn how sweet it is
 Through Christ to be for ever His !—

Come, then, and give that heart to Him,
 Which long has dwelt on meaner things :
 Come, find thy song a worthier theme,
 And learn to soar on loftier wings.
 He who has died that thou mightst live,
 Deserves the best 'tis thine to give.

The Spirit seeks to live thy Friend,
 And Christ thy brother deigns to be ;
 The joys, that know nor bounds nor end,
 To thy possession all are free.
 Whate'er is lovely, pure, or great,
 On Ellen now vouchsafes to wait.

Expectant angels cry, "O come!"

And saints prepare their gladdest song,
Those wandering feet to welcome home,

Which fifteen years have strayed too long :
Come, then, and all shall triumph o'er
One dear, lost, rescued sinner more.

ON DREAMING OF MY MOTHER.

STAY, gentle shadow of my mother, stay :

Thy form but seldom comes to bless my sleep.

Ye faithless slumbers, flit not thus away,

And leave my wistful eyes to wake and weep.

Oh ! I was dreaming of those golden days

When, will my guide, and pleasure all my aim,

I rambled wild through childhood's flowery maze,

And knew of sorrow scarcely by her name.

Those scenes are fled ! and thou, alas, art fled,

Light of my heart, and guardian of my youth !

Then come no more to slumbering fancy's bed,

To aggravate the pangs of waking truth :

Or, if kind sleep these visions will restore,

Oh, let me sleep again, and never waken more !

"IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR WHAT WE
SHALL BE."

YE lingering hours, wheel swift away,
And usher in the joyful day,
When, rising from a world like this,
My soul shall dwell where Jesus is !

Too long I've waited here below,
And spread my wings, and sighed to go !
Too long I've cried, Blest Saviour, come,
And bear me to Thyself and home !

How favoured they, who once on earth
Enjoyed Thy converse, felt Thy worth ;
Who had Thee for their friend and guest,
And leaned their heads upon Thy breast !

How blest, to look up in Thy face,
And there Thy Father's image trace !
To hear the music of Thy tongue,
And learn from thence how angels sung !

A lot like this is not for me,
On earth to thus converse with Thee ;
And tell what I have seen, and heard,
And handled of the Incarnate Word.

Yet do I hope at last to rise,
And join my Lord above the skies ;
Close by His feet to take my place,
And see and praise Him face to face ;

To view Him 'mid His flock, and share
With them the mighty Shepherd's care ;
To hear His saints their tributes pay,
And be myself as loud as they.

Till time shall bring this glad event,
I linger here in banishment ;
And but for what I taste of Him,
My lot were yet more blank and dim.

But through the gloom at times He looks,
My hopes revives, my fears rebukes,
And bids me here a foretaste prove
Of all I seek with Him above.

Then haste, ye lingering hours, away,
And bring the full unclouded day,
That bears me from a world like this,
And lands me safe where Jesus is !

“ O THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE, AND
THEN WOULD I FLEE AWAY AND BE
AT REST.”

OH, had I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,
How soon would I soar to thy presence above !
How soon would I flee where the weary have rest,
And hide all my cares in thy sheltering breast.

I flutter, I struggle, and long to be free ;
I feel me a captive while banished from Thee.
A pilgrim and stranger the desert I roam ;
And look on to Heaven, and fain would be home.

Ah, there the wild tempest for ever shall cease ;
No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace.
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.

Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine !
Rise, bright sun of glory, no more to decline !
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers,
Oh, what will it be, when the fulness appears ?

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